



The Island



👁 106 ✓ 45 ★ 29

Chapter 1 by Gabbathehutt

I was walking on the deserted island. How did I get here? One second I was in my airplane safe and sound. The next second I end up on the ground. I knew it was deserted. It was 450 miles from Cape Cod. "Hello", I yelled. I was desperate to find some kind of human life. "Hello", I yelled again. I looked up and there was a person standing on the edge of the cliff.

Chapter 2 by Gabbathehutt



Who was that? I wondered. I walked toward the cliff but the person disappeared. What the heck, I thought. I looked around and to my suprise the guy was standing just where I was standing a few moments ago. This is creepy, I thought to myself. I turned around to see if the guy would disappear if I looked away. I turned around and he was standing in front of me, breathing on my face.

Chapter 3 by Gabbathehutt



I turned and ran as fast as I could down the cliff. The thing was right behind me. "HELP!", I yelled as I ran towards my airplane. "Please help me." I streaked towards the sea and jumped into it. The thing stopped at the sea's edge. I knew right then and there that I could kill this thing.

Chapter 4 by Caleb



The apparition was dark and featureless, but unmistakably human. A spirit maybe, a spirit with a fear of the sea. Unlucky spirit to be trapped on an island. Almost as unlucky as me. Can you kill a spirit?

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I felt the waves rocking me farther and farther from the shore and my legs and arms were becoming sore from con-

once away. Under the seat

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I kept a small handgun. It wasn't very accurate, and I'm a terrible shot anyway. Did I even have any bullets?

The figure vanished in a flash and blur, sand bursting from the shore. Immediately I began swimming forward, fighting the tide, scooping waves and throwing them behind me. My heart and head were pounding when I felt the sand between my fingers. The shore was quiet, the figure was no where to be seen. What does it want?

I ran for the plane as fast as I could. Once I reached it I climbed in and felt for the handgun. What I found instead turned my stomach in cold knots...

Chapter 5 by jeffyb



It was a letter that read "HAHA! I have your gun, and you're going to DIE!" On the bottom was a blood-splattered smiley face.

What is going on?

Chapter 6 by myGrundle



As I sat there, my wits were quickly coming back to me. My pilot instincts kicked in and I assessed my situation in about 5 seconds. How did I know this place was deserted? How did I know I was 450 miles from the Cape? And then there was the matter of my plane; how is it in one piece! I had no answers.

My hands were so cold I could hardly hold the piece of paper. I hadn't realized until just then that the water had been freezing cold. Was I 450 miles east and out to sea? Was I on one of the little uncharted slivers of land off of Sutton Island or Bar Harbor? Odd that I could remember my distance from the Cape, but not the direction.

I turned my attention back to the paper in my hand and decided I must be in the throws of death. I must have crash landed; I was dying and in some sort of semi-lucid state. Had to be. I've crash landed in the water. I'm freezing. I'm grabbing under my seat -grabbing at anything. I'm

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Chapter 7 by bleh



Everything seemed too surreal. The alien knowledge that I'd collected and the fuzzy memory of only select facts that I had, slowly grew together as a puzzle piece. I must have known what happened - my memory must have been stolen. As unreal as it seemed, this was the only plausible explanation I could materialize; and with the letter and the relentless spirit, anything seemed to fit with the seams of what was holding this nightmare together.

I began to run from the crash site, searching and scouring the island for a weapon, a refuge, another person, anything that could help me survive this island of horror. Between the trees of my run, I saw the face of the ghoul following me flash around. Eyes as black as night and skin as rotten as junkyard tar went through the tropical trees, the spirit matching my pace with an unmerciful hunt. The sides of it's mouth split up the sides of it's cheeks and the teeth pointed and grew the longer I looked at it. I had to tear my gaze.

As soon as I looked in front of myself, I saw the black body standing in front of me, it's nails pointing and digging at the forest floor. My stomach dropped and my veins filled with lead.

This heaving devil was staring right at me and all I could do was stand frozen.

Chapter 8 by Caleb



"Summon what courage you contain, mortal!" The creature shouted through its slathering teeth. "I am Lymphatus! Lord of Bermuda, and the raging sea-spirit who has consumed you and your craft into my ethereal innards as I have consumed hosts of ships of sky and sea before you! Even now you are digesting into chaos and in moments you will disintegrate entirely from your experience and be only another reflection in the planes of my unfathomable pentachorons! A nutrient of my legend!"

The sea began to boil, the sun and moon swung in the sky and winds came from all directions. Thunder and lightning erupted in the sky.

I possess power over space and time! Reason and emptiness! I am the land and sea, I am the air and sky! I am the wind and I am in... See more of Story Wars

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Everything began to tremor and vibrate, the sand danced and the cliffs of the island split and crumbled around us. I began to swing violently through time, the flight and crash swirling around me like a dream, over and over again. Heard I only the laughter of the creature, bellowing like Odin in echoes endless across the planes of twisting, bending chaos. Felt I only confusions wider and wider. I hungered for ships and aircraft, for the souls of seaman, pilots, and Spanish explorers. I quaked in laughter so deep and loud that it trembled in the air and sea, in the winds and waves for miles.

the end

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